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THE POLAR BEAR.

The Polar or White Bear is the largest, strongest, most powerful and, next to the Grisly, the most ferocious of bears. Its home is in the Polar regions of eternal frosts and snows, where the whiteness of its fur is of double service to it for warmth and to conceal it from its prey. It is different from all other bears in having the soles of its feet covered with close-set hairs—a beautiful instance of special adaptation to the wants of the creature, it being thereby enabled to walk more securely on the slippery ice. Its food consists chiefly of seals and fish, in pursuit of which it shows great power of swimming and diving and a considerable degree of sagacity. It also feeds on the carcases of whales and on birds and their eggs, and also is said to eat berries when these can be had.

The Polar bear is a strong swimmer, Captain Sabine having found one swimming powerfully forty miles from the nearest shore, and with no ice in sight to afford it rest. They often are carried on floating ice to great distances, and to more southern latitudes than their own, no fewer than twelve having been known to reach Ireland in this way during one winter.

Though he attacks man when hungry, wounded or provoked, he will not injure him when food more to his liking is at hand. Sir Francis McClintock relates an anecdote of a native of Upernavik who was out one dark winter's day visiting his seal-nets. He found a seal entangled, and whilst kneeling down over it upon the ice to get it clear, he received a slap on his back—from his companion as he supposed; but a second and heavier blow made him look smartly round. He was horror-stricken to see a peculiarly grim old bear instead of his comrade. Without taking further notice of the man, Bruin tore the seal out of the net, and began his supper. He was not interrupted, nor did the man wait to see the meal finished, fearing no doubt that his uninvited and unceremonious guest might keep a corner for him. Many instances have been observed of peculiar sagacity of the Polar bear. Scoresby relates that the captain of a whaler, being anxious to procure a bear without wounding the skin, made trial of the stratagem of laying the noose of a rope in the snow and placing a piece of kreng, or whale's carcase, within it. A bear, ranging the neighboring ice, was soon enticed to the spot. Approaching the bait, he seized it in his mouth, but his foot, at the same moment, by a jerk of the rope, being entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with the adjoining paw, and deliberately retired. After having eaten the piece he carried away with him he returned. The noose, with another piece of kreng, being then replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked triumphantly off with the kreng. A third time the noose was laid, and this time the rope was buried in the snow, and the bait laid in a deep hole dug in the centre. But Bruin, after snuffing about the place for a few minutes, scraped the snow away with his paw, then threw the rope aside and escaped unhurt with his prize.

The she-bear is taught by a wonderful instinct to shelter her young under the snow. Toward the month of December she retreats to the side of a rock, where, by dint of scraping and allowing the snow to fall upon her, she forms a cell in which to reside during the winter. There is no fear that she should be stifled for want of air, for the warmth of her breath always keeps a small passage open, and the snow, instead of forming a thick uniform sheet, is broken by a little hole, round which is collected a mass of glittering hoar-frost, caused by the congelation of the breath. Within this strange nursery she produces her young, and remains with them beneath the snow until the month of March when she emerges into the open air with her baby bears. As the time passes on, the breath of the family, together with the warmth exhaled from their bodies, serve to enlarge the cell, so that with their increasing dimensions the accommodation is increased to suit them. As the only use of the snow-burrow is to shelter the young, the male bears do not hibernate like the female, but roam freely about during the winter months. Before retiring under the snow the bear eats enormously, and driven by an unfailing instinct resorts to the most nutritious diet, so that she becomes prodigiously fat, thus laying in an internal store of alimentary matter which enables her not only to support her own life but to suckle her young during her long seclusion without taking a morsel of food. By an admirable provision of nature the young are of wonderfully small dimensions when compared with the parent, and as their growth, so long as they remain confined in their crystal nursery, is remarkably slow, they consequently need but little food and space.

The Polar bear is armed with formidable weapons, and a proportionate power to use them. His claws are two

POLAR BEARS.

inches in length, and his canine teeth, exclusive of the part in the jaw, about an inch and a half. Thus the hoards of provisions, which are frequently deposited by Arctic voyagers to provide for some future want, have no greater enemy than the Polar bear. "The final cache," says Kane, "which I relied so much upon was entirely destroyed. It had been built with extreme care, of rocks which had been assembled by very heavy labor and adjusted with much aid, often, from capstan-bars as levers.

"The entire construction was, so far as our means permitted, most effective and resisting. Yet these tigers of the ice seemed hardly to have encountered an obstacle, not a morsel of pemmican remained except in the iron cases, which being round with conical ends, defied both claws and teeth. They had rolled and pawed them in every direction, tossing them about like footballs, although over eighty pounds in weight. An alcohol can, strongly iron bound, was dashed into small fragments, and a tin can of liquor smashed and twisted almost into a ball. The claws of the beast had perforated the metal and torn it up as with a chisel. They were too dainty for salt meats; ground coffee they had an evident relish for; old canvas was a favorite for some reason or other, even our flag which had been reared 'to take possession' of the waste, was gnawed down to the very staff. They had made a regular frolic of it, rolling our bread-barrels over the ice, and, unable to masticate our heavy India rubber cloth, they had tied it up in unimaginable hard knots."

Temperance Department.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

What a happy time that was for Joe! It was a joy to him to wait upon such a cheerful invalid—a joy to go up and down stairs, all day long. Sometimes he read aloud till Ben almost choked with laughter at his mistakes. Sometimes he listened to Ben's stories of the big fishes he had caught, and the long tramps he had taken; and sometimes Joe told his own experience—a very limited experience, he thought it, in comparison with that of the merry-hearted boy on the sofa.

"Bring me that box on the bureau," said Ben to Joe one day.

Joe sprang to obey. Ben opened the box with a key from his watch chain, and took out a well-filled portemonnaie.

"You see now, partner," said Ben, "it is time for us to attend to business. You are the junior partner, so you must listen while I talk. You see partners sometimes put different things into a concern, and share the profits alike. Suppose you have money, and I understand business; well, we go in together, and what we make we share. Suppose I understand foreign languages, French, and all that sort of thing, and you don't. Well, I go to Europe and buy goods, and you stay at home and see to receiving and selling them. That's the way in a partnership. Do you understand?"

Joe bowed his head in a dignified manner, feeling quite too dignified and mystified to speak.

"Well, you see how it is," continued Ben; "we are partners. I get a sickness; how are we to share it? Why, I take the pains and lie on my back, talking like a windmill. You have legs and no pains. You go up and down stairs, and get me what I want, and don't mind hearing a long yarn now and then.

"Well, that's fair, just as it should be between partners. But about money matters—we go shares there, of course. Here we have twenty-five dollars. I've been laying it up for ever so long, not knowing what I was to do with it. It's my owny-tony, and I can use it as I think best.

"Here comes this sickness. I take my half of the money. Well, father'll pay Pills, of course; but there are many little comforts a sick fellow must have that cost something, so I put my share back in the box, and call it sickness fund. See, I'll write that on a piece of paper and put with it. What is the half of twenty-five, Joe?"

"Twelve dollars and a half," said Joe promptly, for he had been privately making the computation.

"Right!" said Ben, with a business air—"right, partner. There, that is your share to pay your expenses. Maybe your mother will advise you about spending it when you go home."

"Will your father like it?" said Joe, not offering to touch the money. "Is it quite right for me to have it?"

"Right as the Declaration of Independence!" said Ben, intending to be oratorical.

At this moment Mr. White entered the room. Ben explained to him promptly, and with an air of the strictest justice, the division he had made.

Mr. White smiled a kindly smile. The ice was broken now between the father and son.

"Don't make paupers of your poor friends, Ben; that will only do them harm," Mr. White had said, and he was amused to see how Ben was getting over this difficulty.

"A very proper division of cash among partners," said Mr. White, giving Joe a friendly pat on the shoulder. "You are a very good manager, Ben. Perhaps, as you have such a taste for business, you can help me in my difficulty. I find the Channing estate very troublesome to settle. There is to be a great deal of mere tread-mill work for somebody—papers to copy and long columns to add up. I wish I could get hold of the proper person to help me."

"I wish I wrote something better than a scrawl," said Ben. "Even if I were well, I should not be of much use to you, I am such a shocking fellow with the pen. I mean to turn over a new leaf when I am about again, and learn to write like a thorough business man."

Mr. White turned to leave the room.

"Here might be a chance for father," thought Joe. "But no, I never could speak of it."

Joe looked at Mr. White's grave and anxious face. No, he dare not make the proposal that was in his mind.

"Joe, you are a coward! You haven't a bit of spirit in you!"

With such goading taunts Joe was in the habit of getting up his courage on emergencies; but these stimulants did not save him now.

Mr. White had his hand on the lock of the door, when suddenly Joe's memory gave him the words, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me from this Philistine."

Mr. White, quite unconscious of being a Philistine in the eyes of little Joe, turned toward him, as he stood, and said kindly:

"Don't be afraid, Joe, to share with your partner. It's all right."

Joe was strong in the right strength now, and he hastened to say:

"Please, Mr. White, please, sir, my father is a splendid hand at figures, and he writes like the school-master."

Joe put his hand into his pocket and drew out his little Testament.

"See here, sir," he continued—"see here; he wrote my name in my book. The figures, too; ain't they about right?"

It was not at all in the scornful spirit of Goliath that Mr. White looked down at the eager little boy. Joe was pointing proudly at the place where his name and a date had lately been written by his father, with a reference to the verse, "Be not afraid, only believe," which had so moved him.

"That is a good, clear hand, Joe; and the figures are like copper-plate," said Mr. White.

"You might ride over, father, and see if Mr. Barber could help you," said Ben, in great excitement. "That would be splendid."

"Will you? please do," ventured little Joe.

"I will," said Mr. White, as he closed the door and left the boys together.

Joe stepped gently to Ben's side, and laid his hand in his.

"I believe it will be," he said earnestly. "I believe it will be, because I asked that father might have some different work from what he has now."

"Asked it?" said Ben enquiringly.

"Yes, asked it in my prayers," answered Joe, simply.

"Do you really ask for what you want about such things when you pray?" said Ben, soberly.

"Why, yes. Don't you?" said Joe opening his eyes wide.

Ben White would rather have sat up all night than to have voluntarily given up saying his prayers; but he did not always think it necessary to kneel down for the purpose. He could go over them after he was in bed, he thought, just as well, and he did not feel it a great sin if he sometimes fell asleep in the midst. Lately he had been praying on his knees that he might lead a more faithful Christian life, and be useful in his day and generation. But such asking as Joe spoke of, he knew nothing of it, and he felt it.

"Dear little Joe," said Ben, affectionately, "you must ask that your partner may know more about these things, and pray better."

"It was mother that taught me," said Joe. "She says we are to think of God as somebody who loves us, and wants to hear our prayers and give us just what we need."

"I haven't any mother," said Ben, sadly. "I lost her when I was a baby. But I hope I shall come out right, somehow."

"That you will! That you will!" exclaimed Joe.

Ben felt the nearer to his heavenly Father, as he grasped the hand of his little partner, who seemed to him a link to better things.

Yes, Ben White had lost his mother in his babyhood; but not lost to him were the earnest prayers she had poured out for her child. Even now they were being answered, as he groped his way along the path to the better land.

As for Mr. White, he lost no time in seeking out Harry Barber. Exactly what passed between them never transpired. Certain it is, that when Mr. White rode away from that lonely home on the hill-side, it was with a deep resolution to lead a more holy, active Christian life than ever before, to be heart and soul a servant of God, as one who must render up his account before an Almighty Judge.

The comfortable city gentleman, sheltered from his youth, tempted to no vices, had never before come face to face with a soul in desperate struggle with sin, helpless, but laying hold of the cross as the one hope for life and death and judgment.

Before this humbled penitent, ready to give up his darling sin, cost him what it would, and to fight indeed the good fight of faith, Mr. White felt that he was but as the Pharisee wrapped in his own good works. As he shook Harry's hand, as they parted at the turnpike, the words came to his mind, "This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Yes, he thought, perhaps this poor slave of sin, set free by Jesus, and clinging to his deliverer, is nearer the gate of Heaven than a respectable lukewarm Christian, who can remember no real battle with temptation, no conflict in which he has been saved so as by fire!

Mr. White had a new view of life, its aims and its responsibilities!

As for Harry Barber, he little dreamed the effect the story of his struggles had produced upon his grave, quiet listener. The happy husband was rejoicing with his wife over the promise of work that would occupy him head and hand, and help him to give to his family those comforts of which his misdeeds had so long deprived them. How he thanked his heavenly Father who was so tenderly taking the repentant prodigal by the hand!

(*To be Continued.*)

MODERATION VS. TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Suppose that any of you, my young friends, were standing by the river Niagara, and you saw many people in the river dead and dying, how would you feel? And supposing you saw them come headlong over the awful cataract, some dashed upon the rocks, some being torn in the whirlpool or choked in the rapids, some trying with desperate energy to reach the shore, while others in despair floated down to death without even a struggle for life. Suppose you saw frightened wives trying to drag their husbands to shore and safety. Oh! you would cry, this is dreadful. Can nothing be done to save them?

Then suppose you ran along the bank to find out how and where so many people fell in, and on your way you met with ladies and gentlemen, some in carriages and some on foot, laughing, chatting and singing on the way; and suppose you were to shout, "Help, help, help! People are going over the falls! being dashed to pieces on the rocks, and drowned in the whirlpool." And suppose the people, instead of rushing to the rescue, were some of them to say: "Yes, yes, we know. They have been going over like that for years; but it's none of our business;" and others were to laugh at you and say: "Why, you little goose, should you get excited and make such a fuss! You are not in the river." But you could not stop, for the cries for help were ringing in your ears; so you ran on, and you saw two bridges reaching across the river, and that from one of these bridges people were constantly falling and dragging others with them, and that, although many crossed in safety, others stumbled and fell, and all who did fall or had ever fallen into the stream had fallen from this bridge. And suppose, on enquiry, you found that no one had ever been lost by taking the second, although many thousands of people had crossed and were crossing; that no one fell or had ever fallen but those who had turned back and took the first bridge. And suppose you saw at the first bridge a large crowd of people, ladies and gentlemen, some of them well dressed and refined in manners, and that they were advising the people to cross by that way; and suppose among those advisers you were to see a minister of the gospel, what would you think?

And suppose you were to ask, "Why do you give such bad advice? Why do you not cut down this dreadful bridge, or bar its entrance so that people may not go upon it?" and suppose some were to reply, "Oh! it is a nice place to see the falls and watch the rapids. We have been on it many times and never fell; and if some people will go near the edge, become giddy and fall, that is none of our business."

Then suppose you were to ask, "Is this bridge a necessity?" and they were to answer "No."

"Is the other bridge as short?" "Yes."

"As pleasant?" "More so."

"Broad enough and strong enough to accommodate all the people who have to cross over?" "Yes."

"The toll is as low?" "It is free."

Then you would say, "Why, then, in the name of common sense and common humanity, do people go themselves and advise others to go by this dangerous way?" And suppose they were to answer, "Because it is more fashionable and far more popular than the other," what would you think? Now, my dear young friends, one bridge is moderation, the other is total abstinence.

Every year a vast army is borne down the river, struggling, shrieking, cursing, laughing and even praying. On, on they go, men, women and children. Sometimes one is caught and brought safely to the shore by life-boats, such as the Church, Lodge, Division, Band of Hope, Reform Club, and others. But not one out of a hundred of those who fall from moderation bridge into the black river of drunkenness can be saved in this way.

Remembering, then, that every drunkard in the world became one by taking moderation bridge, and that no one was ever lost or became a drunkard who took and kept for the whole journey total abstinence bridge; and as in the journey of life in search of peace, health, wealth, happiness and heaven, we must take one of these two bridges, which do you suppose it would be most sensible to take!—*Edward Carswell.*

HOW A MODERATION PLEDGE failed to insure sobriety was illustrated by the following incident related by Rev. Dawson Burns at a recent meeting. He said some societies pledged their members not to drink more than a pint of beer in a day, and he remembered a case where a member of one of those societies was found in a place where people do not generally expect to find temperance men, that is, in the gutter. "How came you here?" he was asked; "You have surely broken your pledge." "No," he answered, "I have not." "But one pint of beer would not make you so drunk?" "Well, perhaps not; but then there is no use of drinking a pint every day, so I saved up mine for a week, and drank it all to-day." After many such instances it was found that the only safe way was to abstain from all intoxicants.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AN UNFULFILLED DUTY.

BY J. T. M.

Every good gift which is sent us adds to our cares and awakens anxiety lest we lose it, and when it is something so delicate that even a slight carelessness on our part may be the means of injuring it beyond repair we do all in our power to guard it from harm. Yet how often when that greatest of all blessings, a little child, is sent into a home, it is left almost entirely to the care of servants, while the mother is occupied by social duties which she considers more important than the daily needs of her child; not realizing that only her own constant watchfulness will insure its having all its wants properly met. Or, quite as sad in its results for the child, while the mother may devote all her time and energies to caring for it, through her ignorance its health, if not its life, will be sacrificed. How to properly care for a child is not a thing to be learned by inspiration any more than hundreds of easier and less important tasks which none of us would undertake without some preparation. But how many of the poor little mothers, who are working out this problem with their first baby (that most unfortunate of all babies) as a subject for their experiments, have had the training and instruction which would so much lighten their labors. When one sees all the suffering and sorrow which are caused by ignorance of these vital matters, it makes one feel that Herbert Spencer is right when he asserts, in his "Education," that "the training of children—physical, moral and intellectual—is dreadfully defective. And in great measure it is because parents are devoid of that knowledge by which this training can alone be rightly guided." He makes a vital and necessary part of education that which prepares for parenthood by teaching those general principles of physiology and psychology by which a child's body and mind are developed harmoniously.

We hear a great deal about the duties of children to parents, but people are beginning to realize that the duties of parents to children are quite as obligatory, and that the first of these is to give them an intelligent care which will develop them in the way God intended they should be. Even if we have done all in our power to fit ourselves for this charge, we shall make many mistakes; but what can we hope to accomplish if hardly a thought has been given to the subject, and the management of a child is varied to suit the caprices or convenience of its parents? Too often the irritability or wrong-doing for which a child is punished is caused by some wrong physical condition, which has been brought on by improper food or lack of exercise, and the mother is really more to blame than the child. The three parts of our nature are so blended and so dependent upon each other that unless we give our children sound bodies we cannot expect them to become either intellectually or morally what they otherwise would.

There are certain clearly-defined laws which govern the well-being of every child. They must have enough simple, nourishing food to supply the demand which constant growth makes upon their systems. They must have plenty of fresh air, both in doors and out, and exercise which calls in play all their muscles, to strengthen them; long hours of sleep to rest the delicate brain and stop for a while the ceaseless questioning which shows how active the little mind is in its waking hours. Add to these a daily bath and clothing which protects the extremities equally with the rest of the body, and a great deal has been done to insure good health to a child. But there are often peculiarities of physical constitution, just as there are differences of disposition, requiring special treatment to meet them. These a mother must find out for herself by constant watchfulness, caring for her children, if need be, as she would for the flowers in her conservatory, by having a different method for each.

The older sister in a large family if she is so fortunate as to have a wise mother, can learn a great deal through helping in the care of her younger brothers and sisters. But if it has not come to her naturally in this way, a girl should not be allowed to grow to womanhood without some knowledge of the laws of health and the treatment of sickness, which will be so important to her in meeting the responsibilities which the years will bring her. It is quite as necessary that she should be a good nurse as a good housekeeper; and though there is much that can be learned only through actual experience, if she had been made thoroughly familiar with general principles and taught to use her judgment, mother love will soon teach her to adapt them to the special wants of those dependent upon her.

She must have a definite knowledge of what is right and what wrong, and calmly make the laws which shall rule her little kingdom, instead of feeling so helpless in a crisis that she is glad to catch at any advice, even though it may come from no better source than an ignorant nurse.

Look to it then, parents, that you not only do your best to rear your own children to strong, useful man and womanhood, but that you also do what you can to qualify them to discharge similar obligations in their turn. Such teaching, wisely given, would do much to make them realize that a little child is a gift from God, to be received worthily only by those who have a pure heart and an earnest purpose to develop all that is highest and best in the soul which has been given into their keeping. Do this, and not only your own children, but generations to come, will "rise up and call you blessed."—*Christian Union.*

CARING FOR THE EYES.

It is always important to sit up straight. Stooping is not only injurious to the eyes, but to the lungs and spine. Reading or writing in a car or carriage is hurtful to the eyes. Do not read in bed or lying down in a swinging hammock. Sleep in a well ventilated room, and lie in such a position that a bright light will not strike your eyes when you waken. Bathe your eyes freely each night and morning. Any foreign substance in the eyes can usually be removed by taking the upper eye-lid between the thumb and finger, and drawing it down over the lower lid, gently pressing it toward the nose. Little children should be careful not to distort the eyes by constant winking or twitching of the eye-lids, or by turning the eyes toward the nose. Many children have thus become permanently cross-eyed.

Dr. Noyes, a well known oculist of this city, says that many people are studying at the expense of their sight, and thousands of women are weakening their vision by sewing. Small print reading at night should always be avoided, and the eye should never be subjected to a continual strain. Let the light fall over the left shoulder. As to color blindness, Dr. Noyes states that one of the tests for it is to pick out a green, light pink, and dark purple in small skeins from fifty to sixty such skeins of assorted colors. The three colors are shown to the candidate, and he is told to match them by selecting three such skeins from the heap. The matter is not so easily done as it would appear, and only a man of very good sight can be certain of selecting the proper skeins. In men, about one in twenty-five are color blind, and in women, only one in twelve.—*Evangelist.*

BREAKFAST CEREALS.

Human vitality is maintained by the constant replacement of wasted matter by food; naturally it is very important that the right kind of food should be taken to carry out this purpose. Our food consists of animal and vegetable matter, with some mineral substances, and among the vegetable matter we consume, none are more nourishing than the cereals. The constituents of cereals are rich in the extreme, giving us nitrogeneous and carbonaceous food, or food that makes substance and supplies heat. Therefore cereals are plentifully cultivated and are the real mainstay of our food supply.

The first meal in the day, after we have passed the hour of rest, is a serious one; perhaps this meal, our break of fast or breakfast, is the most important one in the day, for on it depends the vitality we shall possess for the day. Now suppose that we supply ourselves at that meal with nourishment that has little value; suppose we take substances which may stimulate us a little, or merely please our palate, or be indigestible, we shall suffer all day from want of strength and insufficient nourishment. It is at our breakfast that we lay the foundation for the day's wholesome meals, and for that strength which shall carry us through the occupations of the next twelve hours. Living is a constant giving and taking, and requires a constant supply of substance to carry on this process.

In former times our breakfasts were mostly made of cereals, milk, eggs, butter, cheese, honey; since the introduction of coffee, tea and cocoa among us, breakfasts have changed and are not so nutritious as they used to be. It is certain that nothing is so wholesome in the morning as a good cereal porridge, instead of the stimulating action of tea and coffee alone. We refer to what is said of breakfast in "How to Live in Summer," published by Mrs. Lewis, where the following passage occurs:

"There is no doubt that we should greatly benefit by breakfasts made of some cereal, as wheat, oats, barley, corn, or even rice, combined with milk or water, flavored with a little spice and sweetened with molasses or sugar. These breakfasts are always digestible and nourishing. A porridge of wheatmeal, or oatmeal, or hominy, or rice, made with milk, or milk and water, or water alone, will give sufficient nourishment to various workers. The wheat and oats will give strength to heavy, the corn and rice to light workers."

The cereals of wheat, oats, barley and corn can all be used with benefit for breakfast meals; the taste may vary and some prefer one, others another; as difference of occupation and constitution will have to be considered. Wheat and oats give strength and power of exertion to muscle-workers, barley is an excellent brain-food, and corn supplies much heat.—*From "Food and Life."*

SACRIFICED.

Avarice and social pride makes victims, as well as fashion, and sometimes by the same means. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gives a melancholy example in the following story related to him as he sat by two graves which had attracted his attention in a Baltimore cemetery.

There was an ambitious Baltimore mother, and a very rich and marriageable young scion of a stately house, and the former had heard that the latter had said that he would marry only a blonde—a woman with yellow-gold hair and dark eyes if such he could find.

The mother had a lovely daughter, but her hair was brown. As, however, modern art could change the spots of the leopard, that little difficulty could be compassed; the mother took the daughter to New York and had her transformed into the goldenest of blondes. She then went with her to Saratoga, where the young man was to pass the gay season. The result was electric—the young man beheld his ideal—an arrangement was speedily made for the marriage.

The sad feature of the story is that it was a real love match, and the young man would have loved the beautiful girl brown-haired as nature had made her. Of course the blonde-hair fiction might have been sustained for some time, but very soon after the marriage the young lady became very ill, and an ugly and strange eruption appeared on her neck.

The hair dye had wrought poison in the blood. People still tell how she was glittering with diamonds when she was carried out in the arms of her husband from the stately old mansion in Baltimore and placed in the carriage to be borne away to another city for medical treatment, which was of no avail. She died before the year was ended, and her broken-hearted husband soon followed her to the grave.

SWAGGERING YOUNG LADIES.

Mrs. H. W. Beecher in the *Christian Union* thus pleads with the girls—and their parents—to guard against the tendency to low language and "free-and-easy" behavior:

The necessity of shielding children from the contamination of low associates and from the habits which such companionship will surely bring is of the utmost importance. Low expressions—"slang phrases" as they are termed—will be one of the first fruits. A "free-and-easy" way of talking and acting among strangers in the streets or stores, and at last ventured upon at home, will be the next. These two most offensive habits usually go hand-in-hand, and, very strangely, unless we look at it as an evidence of natural deprevity, are eagerly caught up by the young.

With girls, especially, if they are allowed to use such low phrases, other unfeminine traits will soon follow; often a coarse, swaggering manner, instead of the graceful, lady-like carriage that indicates refinement and modesty.

When girls or young ladies (?) are seen with their hands thrust deep into the ulster pocket, or surtout, as is now the term, and the Derby tipped on one side, talking and laughing loudly and walking with masculine strides, they have no cause for complaint if the rude, ragged, little gamins in the street take infinite satisfaction in running after such nondescripts and calling, "I say, mister!"

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

With Noah in the ark, my first
  Confinement close endured,
But though he long has wept and wailed,
  At last he's wholly cured.
Salt water now, instead of fresh,
  The doctors recommend.
And say if he can have a smoke
  He'll come to some good end.

My second oft will gratify,
  And pleasure great convey;
Sometimes it gives us leave to go,
  Sometimes obstructs the way;
And many varied forms it takes
  To vex, perplex, annoy,
And yet a curious fact we see,
  It causes equal joy.

My whole is oft by poets sung
  Even when humble, small,
And covered o'er by brambles wild,
  As with sad Nature's pall;
But when I'm numbered with the great
  In honor, place, or fame,
'Tis fitting that the king of bards
  Alone should name my name.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Cross words: 1. A surgical instrument. 2. An animal. 3. An ancient tyrant. 4. A city of Scotland. 5. A falsehood. 6. Earnest. 7. The evil deity in Scandinavian mythology. 8. A heavy burden. 9. A breach. 10. A large water animal.

The primals and finals name two noted American poets.

INVERTED PYRAMIDS.

1. Take the initial and final letters from acquire and leave a part of the person; from this, and leave a vowel.

2. Take from a company, and leave artifice; from this, and leave a consonant.

3. Take from a kind of shrimp, and leave uncooked; from this and leave a vowel.

CURTAILMENTS AND BEHEADINGS.

To the name of a gifted man,
Affix a letter, if you can,
And find his avocation.

Curtail a piece of work he did,
You'll find a word that now is hid—
A madman's occupation.

Behead another, you will find
Measures of a certain kind
Used by the English nation.

A BOUQUET.

1. What all wish their happiness to be.
2. A useful coin of small value, and an adjective pertaining to sovereignty.
3. A mighty race now rapidly passing away, and a covering for the feet.
4. Substance formed at a low temperature, and a natural production.
5. One of the primary planets, a common winged insect, and an ensnaring apparatus.
6. An accompaniment usually of military and civic processions.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF APRIL 15.

Charade.—Pen-man-ship.

Numerical Syncopations.—1. Axle, ale. 2. Clove, cove. 3. Linden, linen. 4. Five, fie. 5. Plait, plat. 6. Living, ling.

Twelve Hidden Biblical Rivers.—Nimrim, Euphrates, Cherith, Ahava, Arnon, Abana, Kedron, Pharnar, Hiddekel, Kishon, Gihon, Kanah.

Anagrams.—Handkerchief. Patriarchs. Inauguration. Valentine. Magnanimous. President. Washington. Incombustible. Synagogue.

Diamond.—

N
HOG
HOMER
NOMINAL
GENET
RAT
L

Charade.—New-ton.

OLD JACK SIBLEY, THE TURF CARRIER.

During a late visit to a very wild district of Connaught, on the borders of Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo—to visit an elderly lady, who for more than half a century has been working amongst a very neglected and almost wild population—I was invited by a friend to visit a few sick or destitute people; amongst them, Jack Sibley, an old man nearing fourscore, employed till lately in carrying loads of turf from a neighboring bog, but now past his labor.

His cabin was of the most miserable description, even for Ireland. We had to cross a low, dilapidated wall, and then wade through soft, boggy ground, to reach it. On entering it we encountered a cloud of smoke, arising from some damp peat, a few sods of which formed the sole fire; and as there was no window, nor any chimney, except a hole in the roof, the old man was hardly visible on our entrance, seated as he was on the end of a low form beside the scanty fire.

On his rising from his seat, my friend enquired after his health, when the old man dolefully replied he was a great sinner; that he was greatly burdened; that he felt no comfort; that he hoped he might be forgiven at last, but that he was afraid to die.

I said to myself, there is at least one great point to work on—his deep sense of sinfulness; so after some conversation, learning what his occupation had been, &c., I said to him—"Now, Jack, suppose I was driving along the road in my car, and overtook you carrying a heavy load of turf, and said to you, 'Jack, put that load of turf on my car, and I will carry it for you,' and you did so,—how would you feel?"

"Oh, sir," said he, "to be sure I would be very much obliged to you."

"Well, but," said I, "how else would you feel? Would you think you were still carrying the load?"

"Oh, to be sure, sir, I would not."

"Well, now, Jack," said I, "you have no more need to carry that load of sin, than the load of turf when I had taken it from you: for God has plainly told us that He has, 'laid on Christ the iniquity (the sins) of us all.'" I added, I think, the Scripture declaration that Christ has Himself borne our sins in His own body on the tree, and perhaps one or two other texts.

"JACK, PUT THAT LOAD OF TURF ON MY CAR.

The old man paused for a few moments, and then said, "Oh sir, I see it, I see it. It's new light to me—thank God, thank God! I see it—my Saviour *has* borne my sins, and I have not to bear them. I see it. Oh, I thank you, God." And then followed a prayer of earnest thanksgiving.

Before leaving I said to him, "Now, Jack, you see that Christ has borne your sins?"

"I do, sir," said he.

"Now," said I, "never doubt this. Mind, if ever you feel inclined to do so, it is the temptation of the devil."—I felt I must speak very plainly.—"You have felt Christ is your Saviour—do not dishonor Him by doubting Him."

As my friend feared he might again fall into despondency, we called on him the next day, accompanied by my wife. But—as I felt almost certain it would be—the old man was quite firm. He had found, in his Saviour, pardon for all his sins, and he was not going to doubt it.

After some conversation my wife prayed for him; we dare not kneel from the state of the floor. The happy old man then broke out into a prayer of thanksgiving, in the following words, as near as we could recollect;—first in almost a low whisper, then gradually rising into an audible voice:—

"Oh God! I do thank you that Christ has carried my burdens. Glory be to God, that light has broken in on my poor soul! I thank you, and I am proud that you have sent me such lovely company, and have lightened me of the load of my sins—we that were such sinners. It's like heaven now. How beautiful! how beautiful! Glory, glory be to God! I hope I'll be lighter and lighter!"

It was indeed a time of rejoicing. His wife, a worn looking, hard-working woman, the only support of him and of a little grandchild, came in and stood listening.

Wretched as the cabin was; comfortless as were the surroundings, the smoke so dense that we could imperfectly see around us; miserable as was the old man's clothing—a tattered shirt, the sleeves in ribbons—I do not think the whole of what he had on would have sold for a shilling;—I forgot all this, and felt we were in the presence of one of God's redeemed ones; soon—probably very soon—to cast off the tattered garments and the old worn-out earthly tabernacle, and to join the innumerable multitude, who, clothed in white robes, and washed in the blood of the Lamb, surround the throne, celebrating the praise of that Saviour whose precious blood was his ransom, as of all who come to Him in living faith.

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy hand,
Our woes were laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
To bear all ills for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed.
Now there's no woe for me.
Death and the curse were in my cup,
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee;
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up,
Now blessing's draughts for me."

—*The Family Friend.*

DO NOT RESIST CONVICTION

When I was a young man, before I left my native town, I was at work in the field one day in company with a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting, his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: "'My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else sholl be added unto thee,'" "This," said he, "was my mother's favorite text," When he got into the town to which he was going, he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister took this very text; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then; he would wait until he got a start in life, until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him. Again he went to church, and to his amazement the sermon was on the very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was induced again to enter the church, and behold, he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was God speaking to him, and his mother's prayers were being answered. But he coolly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. "I have never heard any sermon since," said he, "that has made any impression on me." I was not a Christian myself, then, so I didn't know how to talk to him. The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian, the first thing that came into my

mind was that man. I made up my mind to try to bring him to Christ. When I came home I mentioned his name to my mother, and asked if he was living. "Is he living?" she exclaimed. "Didn't I write to you about him?" "Write me what?" "Why, that he has gone out of his mind, and is now in the insane asylum."

When I got up there he pointed his finger at me. Says he: "'Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.'" He had never forgotten the text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there. The next time I returned home my mother told me he was at home idiotic. I went to the house to see him, and there was that vacant look in his eye. I said: "Do you know me?" He pointed his finger at me and said: "'Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.'" God had driven the text into his mind, but his reason was gone. The next time I returned home he was dead, and when I visited my father's grave I noticed a new grave-stone was put up. I stopped to read it, and found it was my friend's. The autumn wind was making a mournful noise, and I seemed to hear it whispering the text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."
—*D. L. Moody.*

THE OLD BOOK IN THE WALL.

It was a dark day for poor Dame Perigord. She was not the only woman in France, nor in the city of Lyons, who had been left desolate; but now her loneliness was not her only misery, for the wolf lay at her door.

She sat dreary and companionless in her wretched little fourth-story room, thinking that her cup of affliction was full, and that it were better if she had never been born. Her husband was not, her children were not, and misfortune threatened to take even her bread away. As if one thing more must be added to make her completely forlorn, she had no cheerful trust in God. Her ideas of religion were derived from blind ceremonies, and from the legends of the saints. She knew nothing of the personal Christ, who ever lives to comfort his own. To her he was little more than a name. But he had pity on her, nevertheless, and he visited her now in a way that was wonderful indeed.

In the midst of her gloomy thoughts her eyes fell upon a square of sunshine on the old wainscot at the back of the room. The light, that had so often seemed but mockery to her, shone there with a certain new meaning. It appeared to frame something in, and made the spot on the wall look like a panel.

Dame Perigord gazed upon it till the sight began to divert her grief. She rose and went closer to examine. She saw marks there that she had not noticed before, and scraping away the worn whitewash, she discovered the faint outline of a small door. It sounded hollow to her knock. With feverish fingers she tugged at the joints and tried to force out the square to see what was behind it. Perhaps there was treasure hidden there. Her task was no easy one, but she succeeded at last. The panel flew open, revealing a little recess in the wall; but there was no money, no jewels, in it—only a very old and very mouldy *book*

Dame Perigord sat down and cried for vexation. At length it suddenly occurred to her that old books, so mysteriously hidden, sometimes had banknotes laid between the leaves, and she quickly opened the mouldy volume to search.

She was doomed to disappointment again; but she did not close the book. It was a Bible—probably hidden in that hole in the garret during the awful days of the French Revolution. The poor woman had never seen a Bible before. The first words that arrested her attention were, "I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

The text was a keynote of consolation, and she kept on reading all the rest of the day and until late in the night, growing so fascinated that she forgot to eat. She had found a treasure indeed.

From that time Dame Perigord had no more dark days. The words of peace and wisdom in the dear old Bible filled her heart, and made life really worth living. The pittance she could earn by her labor satisfied her wants; and godliness with contentment was great gain. The God of the widow was her God. The Saviour of the New Testament became a sacred presence with her—her daily company and comfort, and her mighty protector.—*The Watchman.*

AVOID that which you see amiss in others.

EDDIE AND TOPSY.

BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT IN RHYME.

The Gospels four, of Matthew,
Mark, of Luke and of St. John
Tell us the story of our Lord when
He this earth was on.
Acts shows how, through the
Apostles' work, God made the
Church increase;
And Romans, how we're "justified
by faith," and so have "peace."
Corinthians the First and Second
give many a glimpse of Paul;
And next in order comes the book
that we Galatians call,
Which tells what are the Spirit's
fruits God's children ought to
bear.
Ephesians shows what armor
bright God's soldiers all must
wear.
Philippians, so full of "joy," and
next Colossians see,
Which says our love must now
be set where we one day shall
be.
The two Epistles of St. Paul to
Thessalonians treat
Of that glad hour when Christ
shall come, His risen saints to
meet.
In First and Second Timothy, and
Titus too, we read
Directions to God's ministers—
how they their flocks must
feed.
In Philemon, Paul pleads the
cause of one he calls his son;
And Hebrews gives the list of
those who faith's bright crown
have won.
James says, that we our faith and
trust by works must always
prove.
First Peter tells us of the Lord,
whom tho' unseen we love.
In Second Peter we may
read about the last great
day.
First John declares that
"God is love," and we
must love alway.
The Second and the Third
of John to much-loved
saints are sent.
Jude talks in solemn words
of those who are on evil
bent.
"Things tnat must shortly
come to pass," John's
Revelation shows,
And New Jerusalem, our
home, we read of at the
close.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

EDDIE AND TOPSY.

Sit up, Topsy, that's a fine fellow, sit up and beg for your dinner. It is fine fun, isn't it, to be out on a fishing excursion, but it is hungry work too. Now sit up and listen to what I have to say. You have been a very bad dog to-day. You frightened a poor gray bird off its nest and nearly broke its eggs; you ran away from me after the sparrows, and you jumped in the water and frightened the fish away. Now what have you got to say for yourself. Nothing but bow, wow, wow. Now, mind what I say. You must be a good dog after this or I won't give you a bit. Do you understand me. Yes, I know you do, by the wag of your tail. Now, one-two-three, there is a fish tugging at the line—wait a minute and when I pull it up you shall have your share.

Make a firm-built fence of trust
All around to-day:
Fill the space with loving work,
And within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering
bars,
Anxious for the morrow.
God will help in all that comes,
Be it joy or sorrow.

The Family Circle.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

A bird's nest hid in the clover—
  Daintily woven, soft and warm—
The timothy grass, bending tenderly over,
Watches by turns with the little house-mother,
  Keeping it safe from harm.

A home-nest under the willow
  Warmed and lighted by mother love;
Two golden heads on a downy pillow;
One father sails o'er the raging billow,
  One looketh down from above.

God pity the little hen-sparrow
  Who waiteth in vain for her mate:
Why did he not stay the pitiless arrow?
Oh! the heavens were wide and the mark was narrow;
  Careth God for a sparrow's fate?

Careth he for a soul's deep anguish
  Though the woman's heart, like the sparrow's, bleed?
Though the weeds of woe the widow weareth.
And her babes on an aching bosom beareth?
  Careth he for the heart's sore need?

God careth; we know that he careth
  As though voice should speak from the heaven above;
"Though he sleep beneath the foaming billow
'Mid tangled sea moss, on coral pillow,
  He liveth still in my heart of love!"

—*Christian Union.*

KIP'S MINISTER.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"Kip Crail! what makes you stand there?" demanded Bud.

"I'm a-watching my minister," answered Kip slowly.

Bud looked curiously after the slightly gray-haired man, in clothing somewhat worn, who was quietly picking his way along the road. Her blue eyes discerned nothing remarkable, and she turned away disappointed.

"Ho! why he's everybody's minister; he a'n't yours."

Kip knew better than that. Did not he remember who always knew him, and stopped to shake hands and say, "How do you do, Christopher?"—a name that made him feel nearly as big as anybody. And who always asked after his mother? And did not forget when he told him little Bob was sick, the people in the house hitched up their sleek horses and nice carriage, and drove two miles to the city church every Sunday; but Kip, with freckled face shining from soap, head wet and combed till not a hair could stir from its place, and red hands thrust into his pockets, trudged whistling over the hill to the little frame church where most of the people from the straggling villages and the neighboring farms gathered.

"So he is my minister," said Kip stoutly as he considered the matter.

He would have liked to share the honor that day, however, with the inmates of the large comfortable farm-house; for they were really the most prosperous family in the village, while he, only a distant relative, was "chore boy and gener'ly useful" as he phrased it. And there was to be a "donation party" at his minister's home that very evening.

"If they'd just give something handsome!" he said to Nancy the "hired girl," who was busy in the kitchen.

"They won't never think of it no more'n they will of flyin'," replied Nancy, dextrously turning a flapjack, and the subject also, by requesting Kip to "run for an armful of wood."

Somebody always wanted wood or water, or something from the cellar, or something from the attic, whenever Kip was in sight. But he scarcely thought of the constant calls that morning, so full was he of other thoughts. Nancy might dispose of the question carelessly, but he could not. He was connected with the house, and he felt that the honor of the house was involved. Besides, he wanted his minister well treated and he knew—few knew better than Kip—how sorely the "something handsome" was needed in the shabby little parsonage. He did not mean they should "never think of it" as Nancy had said: he would remind them by bringing up the subject naturally and innocently in some way.

So he lingered in the room a few minutes after breakfast, while Mrs. Mitchel was gathering up the dishes, and Mr. Mitchel consulting the almanac. He coughed once or twice, and then, staring straight out of the window, observed as follows:

"There goes our big rooster! He's 'most as big as a turkey, a'n't he, Aunt Ann? Turkeys always make me think of Thanksgivings, Christmases, Donations and such things—oh yes! there is going to be a donation down at the minister's to-night!"

Kip considered that very delicately and neatly done!

"Eh? what?" said Mrs. Mitchel, paying no attention except to the last sentence.

"Who's going to have a donation?"

"Down at the minister's," repeated Kip. "Everybody'll take 'em things, you know—flour and potatoes and wood—something handsome, I hope—the folks that can 'ford to."

That was another masterly hint. Kip chuckled to himself at his success in managing his self-appointed task, but his spirits sank with Mr. Mitchel's first words.

"Well, now, I don't know as I approve of that way. The folks here can do as they please—it's no affair of mine—but seems to me it's better to pay a man decent salary, and let him buy his own things."

"Don't know as I 'prove of that way either," soliloquized Kip indignantly when he found himself alone behind the wood-pile. "Don't know as I 'prove of folks giving me their old clothes," looking down at his patched knees, "Seems to me 'twould be better to pay me decent wages and let me buy my own clothes. But seein' they don't, these trousers are better'n none; and I guess if Uncle Ralph had a sick wife and three or four children he'd think a donation party was a good deal better'n nothing."

Ideas that found their way into the brain under Kip's thatch of light hair were sure to stay, and the cows, the chickens, and the wood-pile heard numerous orations that morning—all upon one subject.

"Now if I owned all these things, do you s'pose I'd go off to the big city church every Sunday, and wouldn't go down now and then to see what was a-doin' for the poor folks round here? And when I went, don't you s'pose I'd see how his coat was gettin' shinier and shinier, and her cloak fadeder, and all the new clothes they have is their old ones made over? A boy don't like that kind of dressin'-up partic'lar well, and how do you s'pose my minister feels? Don't you b'lieve I'd know when she got sick, how the bundles from the grocery-store was smaller and fewer 'count of the bottles that had to be paid for and the doctor's bill? And wouldn't I hear the trembling in his voice when he prays for them that has 'heavy burdens to carry?' Just wait till I'm a man and see!"

Old Brindle looked at him meditatively, and one pert little bantam mounted the fence and crowed with enthusiasm, but no member of the barn-yard offered any suggestions; and going to a little nook behind the manger, Kip drew forth his own offering for the important evening—a little bracket-shelf, clumsily designed and roughly whittled out, but nevertheless the work of many a precious half-hour. He looked at it rather doubtfully. It did not altogether satisfy even his limited conceptions of beauty.

"But then if you keep it kind of in the shade, and look at it sort o'sideways—so—it does pretty well," he said, scrutinizing it with one eye closed. "I guess Mis' Clay will, seein' she's had to look sharp for the best side o'things so long."

But how he did wish the others would send something—"something that would count," as he said. He was down on the ground gathering up a basketful of chips when one of the well-kept horses and the light waggon passed out of the yard and down the lane bearing Mr. Mitchel away to the town. A host of brilliant possibilities suddenly trooped through Kip's thoughts as he watched the vehicle out of sight. His wish grew into something deeper and stronger.

"Oh please do make him think and bring back something nice for them!" he murmured.

Bud, who had a fashion of appearing in the most unexpected times and places, looked at him wonderingly from around a corner of the wood-pile.

"What makes you do that for?" she asked solemnly.

"'Cause," answered Kip briefly, with a flush rising to his freckled cheeks. "I don't care," he whispered to himself. "The minister's folks are good and care for other folks, and it's 'bout time somebody was takin' care of them."

Bud did not quite accept the lucid explanation given her. She seated herself on a log and pondered the subject until she reached a conclusion that she considered satisfactory; and after that, though she said nothing about it, she watched quite as eagerly and much more expectantly for her father's return than did Kip.

There certainly was something new and unusual in the light waggon when at last it drove up to the door again. Both children discovered that at once—Bud from the window, Kip from the piazza—a great, easy, luxurious arm-chair. Mr. Mitchel lifted it out and carried it into the house.

"See here! what do you think of that?" he said to his wife triumphantly. "I happened into a furniture store where they were auctioning everything off and I got this at such a bargain that I took it in a hurry. Isn't that as comfortable a chair as you ever saw? Just try it,"

Mrs. Mitchel examined and admired; Nancy who came to the kitchen door exclaimed and interjected; and the household generally bestowed such unqualified commendation that Mr. Mitchel's gratification increased.

"I think I know a good thing when I see it," he declared, "and this couldn't be bought anywhere else for that money. Nothing in the world the matter with it either, not a flaw about it except"—showing where the back could be lowered to make it more of a reclining chair—"this spring works a little hard. But a cabinet-maker could fix that in a few moments, and we'll have it done right away. Kip!" as the boy passed the door—"Kip, could you take this down to the parson's this afternoon? I want it to go at once."

Kip could scarcely believe his own ears. "Yes sir!" he said with his eyes fairly dancing. "You mean to send it to him, uncle Ralph? guess I can take it!"

He never called his minister "the parson"—it scarcely sounded respectful enough—but of course he knew who was meant and he was far too happy for any criticizing thought. That handsome easy chair! Wouldn't the very sight of it rest poor tired, Mrs. Clay? Kip could see just how her pale face would look leaned back against the cushion.

"It's pretty heavy for you to carry so far though," Mr. Mitchel was saying when Kip recalled his wandering wits far enough to understand. "Jim could take it in the waggon perhaps"—

"I might put it in the hand-cart and wheel it over," interposed Kip with a sudden inspiration. He could bear no delay, and he wanted to take it himself.

Mr. Mitchel commended that suggestion as "not a bad notion on Kip's part."

"And what shall I tell him, uncle Ralph?"

"Tell him—why he'll understand; he can see for himself. Tell him I sent it, and he'll know what to do with it, I suppose."

Kip supposed so too. He waited for no farther directions, but made a partial toilet very expeditiously, and was soon safely out on the road with his treasure. To say that he was pleased and proud is a very faint description of his feelings. He trundled that hand-cart by no out-of-the-way route, and he was not long alone; the village boys hailed him:

"Hello, Kip! What you got there?"

"It's our folks' present to the minister," answered Kip grandly, and one after another the admiring boys fell into line until the chair formed the centre of a triumphal procession. The village soon knew of the gift, as the village always did know of everything that happened within its limits, and Kip had the satisfaction of being stopped several times, and of hearing that Mr. Mitchel had done "the handsome thing," and that the chair was "out-and-out nice."

So, in a beatific state, he reached the gate of the little parsonage. There was no lack of assistance. Every urchin was anxious to share at least the reflected glory of helping to carry it, and it was borne to the house very much as a party of ants bear off a lump of sugar—by swarming all over it. The minister came to the door, the body-guard fell back, and Kip presented his prize.

"Here's something that Uncle Ralph sent you, sir; he bought it in town to-day. He said to tell you he sent it, and he guessed you'd know what to do with it," he said with shining eyes.

The minister's eyes shone too, and then grew dim. This was so unexpected, and it meant so much to him! It had sometimes seemed hard to that kindly, tender heart that the one of all the village who could have done most, had never manifested any interest in his work for those poor people—had not lifted with even a finger the burden of care and sacrifice, or shown any disposition to aid or encourage. But there must have been sympathy after all. This was a generous gift in its luxuriousness—a thoughtful one, for it was for the dear invalid. He opened a door near him and said softly:

"Rachel, look here!"

How he had wanted just such an easy, restful cushioned niche for the worn slight form! The boys could not understand what it was to him in itself and in what it represented—"Only his voice had a tremble in it like when he prays," Kip said to himself on his homeward way.

However he hated "fixed up company" in general, he would not for anything miss the gathering at the parsonage that evening, and wood and water, cows and kindlings must be looked after early. So it happened he did not speak with Mr. Mitchel again until nightfall. Then that gentleman bethought him of his commission.

"Ah Kip, carried the chair safely, did you?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, what did he say to it?"

"I wish you'd seen him, uncle Ralph!" said Kip radiantly. "Not as he said much either, only something 'bout he didn't know how to thank you—"

"How to thank me?" repeated Mr. Mitchel in amazement. "Why should he? He isn't so short of work as all that, is he?"

"Short of work, uncle Ralph!" It was Kip's turn to open wide eyes of astonishment. "I should think not, with all his preachin' and Sunday-school and poor folks! I don't s'pose he thought he'd have time to sit in it much himself; but Mrs. Clay she's sick—"

"What have the Clays to do with it?" demanded Mr. Mitchel with clouded brow and a dawning suspicion of something wrong. "I told you to take it to Mr. Parsons—the cabinet-maker's—to have that spring fixed."

Kip saw it all then, but he wished the floor would quietly open and drop him into the cellar, or that he could fly through the roof. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and his face flushed and paled.

"I—thought—you said the parson's," he stammered. "I s'posed 'twas for the minister's donation, and so—"

"You took it there?" Mr. Mitchel completed the sentence. "Now how in the world—"

But it was too much to be borne. Kip waited for nothing more, but rushed from the house, and if in the shadow of the friendly wood-pile he leaned his head against the rough sticks and cried, there was no one to see.

"They may fix it up any way they please," he said. "I can't do it! I can't and I wont!"

A little later he stood by the old gate watching the great yellow moon come up, and digging his red fists into his eyes now and then to wipe away some stray tears of shame, indignation and grief that still gathered there. This was not a very nice world anyhow, he decided with a queer aching spot at his heart. Almost it seemed as if he had asked for bread and received a stone—a sharp heavy stone at that.

Indoors Mr. Mitchel had expressed very distinctly his opinion of the carelessness and obtuseness that could have caused such a blunder, and the "awkwardness of the whole thing," and in no little vexation was trying to find some means of remedy.

"I might write a note and explain, but then—I declare it's the most awkward disagreeable thing I ever knew! Such a stupid blunder."

"Papa," interposed the slow, wondering voice of Bud, "I didn't know there could be any mistakes up there."

"Up where, child?"

"In heaven. Kip prayed you'd bring something for his minister—'cause I heard him—behind the wood-pile," said Bud with slow emphasis. "I thought that made the chair come. I'm most sure 'twasn't any mistake, papa."

Mr. Mitchel pushed aside pen and paper, put on his hat and walked out. He really did not know the best way out of the difficulty. It was very vexatious, and in his perplexity he journeyed toward the parsonage. When he came in sight of the house he paused. What did he intend to do? Go there when others were making their offerings and explain that he had not wished to show any friendship or appreciation, and wanted to take back what had been proffered through mistake? Certainly not! He turned, but at that moment some one joined him.

"Ah, Mr. Mitchel! just going in? That was a generous gift of yours—exactly the thing for poor Mrs. Clay."

Others came with similar comment. There was no chance to say anything, and scarcely knowing why or how, Mr. Mitchel found himself in the well-filled room, saw the sweet, pale face, with its smile of welcome for all, looking out from the cushions of the new chair, and felt the quick, warm, grateful clasp of the minister's hand. Something in look and clasp and murmured words brought a sudden throb to Mr. Mitchel's heart, a moisture to his eye.

Then, before he had time to recover from his bewilderment, some one had called on him to "make a few remarks," and others echoed the request, and he found himself pushed forward to the front and heard his own voice saying, "How much cause all had to value Mr. Clay's work in the village," and expressing the hope that he might "enjoy these simple offerings as tokens of esteem and friendship." Ay, and he meant it too, for, catching the spirit of those around him, and swiftly comprehending more of the good man's life and work than he had ever done before, he only regretted that he had not sent the offering of his own free will and pleasure.

He found an opportunity, however, to whisper to Kip, who had slipped in later with very sober face—a face that brightened at sight of him.

"It's all right. Don't say a word to anybody about it."

He had a pleasant evening despite a feeling of strangeness about it, and on his homeward way muttered something to himself about "a blessed blunder." What he told at home Kip did not know, but when the boy arrived, a little later, Bud, wideawake and listening for his step, raised her yellow head from its pillow and called:

"Ke—ip! it all comed out right, didn't it?"

Kip thought it had. He was sure of it afterward when he saw the friendship that from that night began between the Mitchels and "his minister."—*Wide Awake.*

WHAT SINGING DID.

A TRUE STORY.—BY MRS. MARGARET B. PEEKE.

Elinor Pomeroy's father had failed, as many a man had done before, but in this case failure in business was the precursor to still greater evils; his health broke down, his wife died, and his stately daughter was forced to forget her life of luxury, and make an effort to earn in some way money enough to keep hunger from the door. In her days of affluence she had often said, "If I should become poor, I would at once cut all my friends in upper-tendom, then throw myself into dressmaking or trimming bonnets." But when the crash came, she did not find it necessary to do the first, nor possible to do the latter. Her friends did not trouble her with attentions, and she found it impossible to secure a position in a dressmaking establishment, or milliner's shop, because she had no experience; but still she kept up a brave heart and said to her father, "Never mind, father, I shall find the right place after a while, and times will grow brighter." Her grief at her mother's death made her forget hardship and privation, and the gathering shadows of her father's illness spurred her up to every strong endeavor.

Every day she left the house, or rather rooms that now were called home, and was gone two or three hours, coming back with the same words on her lips she had uttered the day before, "Don't worry, father, the right place will come after awhile," and however hopeless her heart might be, her lips never ceased to smile, to cheer the broken-down man, who was her all. In these outings she often met her old companions, sometimes touching their garments as she passed, but rarely finding one who could remember, in the Elinor Pomeroy of misfortune, the friend to whom they had been indebted for many a drive in the park, ticket for the lecture, flowers for their parlors. This would have made most girls haters of their race; not so with Elinor. She had in her fibre the material that makes philosophers, not misanthropes, and a pity sprang up in her heart for those who built their friendships on mere externals that must ever be changing as the sand upon the sea-shore, and she turned her face steadily toward the future and its duties.

"I have found it at last, father," she said one morning, after she had been gone longer than usual, "a place where I need only work five days a week, and can have every Saturday at home with you. I can begin work to-morrow, and my pay will be according to my work, so it will be my own fault if we do not have plenty of money soon." And she patted him on the cheek with her slender fingers, and began to hum a tune, as if she were the happiest mortal in the world.

It was a long time before the father learned that his beautiful and elegant daughter had promised to work in a shirt factory, whose proprietor was a Jew. Bitter as was the lesson, starvation was infinitely worse, and Elinor was a brave girl, whom God would surely reward.

This factory was not a bad place. Elinor was given a chair by an open window, where she was quite removed from the noise and clatter of machines and tongues, with merely a pile of shirts before her to suggest she was not in her own room, and a few others like herself busy making button-holes. Like a bird she sang little snatches of songs, that sounded as much out of place as if an oriole had piped its voice there; and like a bird, she charmed all who heard. Her voice had been thoroughly cultivated, and never, perhaps, had given as genuine pleasure to others as now in this room of a shirt factory, when weary heads and fingers were beguiled from their toil and troubles by its melody.

"Sing me another song, please," said the little children of her employer one morning, "and another, and another," they repeated. "We never heard such singing before. Where did you learn such beautiful songs?"

"In Sunday-school," was the reply.

"Why do we have no Sunday-schools?" was again asked.

"I am sure I do not know, but if you will come to me every day I will teach you many of these songs you love."

"O, that will be too lovely for anything!" replied the dark-eyed child of the Hebrew race. "Then Rebecca and I will sing to papa at night. Perhaps when he hears us sing he will let us go to Sunday-school, too. It must be a lovely place."

Thus it came to pass that before two weeks had passed Rebecca and her sister Ruth could sing "Only an Armor-bearer," "I Love to Tell the Story," and several others of those beautiful songs so familiar to our children.

One Saturday morning, while Elinor was occupied with her household cares, she heard a knock at the door. Opening it, she saw Mr. Abrams, her employer. What could it mean? Did he come to tell her that her services were no longer required? Her heart beat with fear as she welcomed him into their little sitting-room.

"I have come for a strange purpose to-day, Miss Pomeroy," he began, "and already I am afraid it is of no use, for I see you are very busy. I did not know you had a sick father, and must do the nursing and all at home, or I should never have dreamed of such a thing, I assure you." And he paused as if trying to find some way to make his escape.

"But you have not told me what it is yet, Mr. Abrams. Perhaps I can do it, though I am, as you see, busy."

"I have been thinking, ever since I heard my children sing, that it would be a good thing if our children could meet on Saturday and learn to sing your songs. They do nothing all day but play, and this would surely be better."

"I should think it an excellent plan," said Elinor. "Can I help you in any way?"

"I was hoping you could help us by teaching them how to sing. Of course I should not expect you to do this for nothing. I should pay you well for your trouble."

"We will try it next Saturday. Tell your little girls to urge all their little friends to come, and I will be on hand to see how they will enjoy learning to sing."

This was the beginning of a school which is now known as a Jewish Sunday-school where all the children of Hebrews meet weekly, and study the Old Testament, and sing the songs we sing in our Christian Sunday-school. Miss Elinor Pomeroy was far happier now than she had ever been in her days of prosperity, and though she did not work in Mr. Abrams' factory very long, she never left the Jewish Sunday-school, which had grown out of her singing.

"The songs of our Sunday-schools are a greater power with the masses than preaching," she was heard to say, and surely it seems so in this case.—*Church and Home.*

MISSIONARY CHICKENS.

How can we raise money for the missionary cause? This is a point many long to know, and one that often causes many serious thoughts. But a good lady in Solon has shown how it may be done without much trouble. Mrs. P. has long been a friend of missions. Her name can always be found among those who give to both home and foreign missions. But she wanted to do more this year than ever before; and this is the plan she took. Selecting a dozen good eggs, she set them under a good reliable hen, which in due time hatched out eleven healthy, active chickens. The proceeds from these she determined to give to the different missions in which she was interested, and to distinguish them from the other inmates of the hen-coop they were called the "Missionary Chickens." She fed and tended them herself all summer, and by fall they were fairer and fatter than all the other chickens on the place. The hawks came and carried off several of the neighbors' chickens, and even tried to help themselves to some of our friend's non-missionary chickens, though they did not succeed—but the missionary chickens were unmolested; and about thanksgiving they were sold for seven dollars.

A friend asked Mrs. P. if she intended to give it all to missions this year; and she replied, "Yes, every dollar of it." She said she remembered the saying of Christ, that he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much. So she fed those eleven chickens for Christ's sake, thinking all the time she was doing but a little for him.

Some of the friends of the missionary cause cannot give seven dollars or even half of it, or at least they think they cannot, but most of them could give six eggs and a hen's time to hatch them out and never miss the outlay. Is not the experiment worth trying; and if so who will do it next spring when the time of chickens comes?—*Christian Mirror.*

COST OF FREE SCHOOLS.

The *N. Y. Observer* says:—The number of scholars taught in New York city last school year was about 100,000, less rather than more. The Board of Education is a body of wise, judicious, and faithful men, who are entitled to the thanks of the city for the gratuitous service they render in the administration of their trust. With all the economy they can exercise, they are compelled to present the following estimate of expenses for 1881:

Salaries of teachers in the grammar and primary schools	$2,410,000
Salaries of janitors in the grammar and primary schools	96,000
Salaries of teachers and janitors in the Normal College	95,000
Salaries of teachers and janitors in the evening schools	90,000
Salaries of teachers and janitors in the colored schools	26,000
Salaries of officers, &c., of the Board of Education	33,000
Salaries of City Superintendents of schools and assistants	30,625
Incidental and minor expenses	11,610
Support of Nautical School	26,500
Supplies, fuel, gas, rents, pianos and workshop wages	267,500
Incidental expenses of Board of Education, schools, &c	82,800
Purchasing and leasing sites for erecting buildings and incidentals	350,000
Corporate schools per special acts of the Legislature	100,000
Total	$3,620,035

GIVE.

Give while you can,
Give while you may,
Give with a will that makes no delay.

When Mr. Baxter lost a thousand pounds he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gave the power of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable in some degree for having so long delayed the performance of a good action, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for a want of quickness and diligence.—*American Messenger.*

Question Corner.—No. 10.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

109. Near what mountain were the Israelites encamped when God ordered them to build the tabernacle, and to whom was the order given?
110. Whose life was lengthened fifteen years in answer to prayer?
111. Who said, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his"?
112. Which of the great prophets brought the Lord's messages to him?
113. What prophet's bones restored a dead man to life?
114. To which of the patriarchs did God say, "Walk before me and be thou perfect"; and where in the New Testament do we find the command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"?
115. Who rested under a vine which grew up in a single night?
116. Name four persons whose birth was announced by angels?
117. Who from his childhood never drank wine nor strong drink?
118. What man in the New Testament went up to the house-top to pray?
119. What prophet prayed three times a day?
120. What was Saul's first transgression after he became king of Israel?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A part of the material universe which the Psalmist asserts especially declares the glory of God.
2. A constellation of eighty stars in the southern hemisphere, twice referred to by Job.
3. To what does the Psalmist liken the Word of God, as a guide to his steps?
4. By what name did God reveal Himself through Moses to the children of Israel?
5. What quality of mind did Paul attribute to the Bereans for searching the Scriptures to prove the truth of his teachings?
6. What important qualification did Apollos possess as a preacher of the Gospel?
7. From what source did he derive his wonderful power to convince the Jews that Jesus was Christ?
8. The first word in the song of all the redeemed of earth as they stand in countless numbers before the throne of God and the Lamb.

These initials form one of the words upon Aaron's mitre.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

85. By the star. Matt. ii. 9.
86. They were told by the angel of the Lord. Luke ii. 9, 11.
87. Herod. They were warned of God in a dream not to do so. Matt. ii. 7, 12.
88. Christ in the temple among the doctors. Luke ii. 41, 50.
89. Forty days. Matt. iv. 2.
90. In Nazareth. Luke iv. 16. 29.
91. The miraculous draught of fishes. Luke v. 1, 2.
92. At the pool of Bethesda. John v. 2, 9.
93. Alexandria. Acts xviii. 24.
94. Dorcas. Acts ix. 36, 42.
95. Eunice; Lois. 2 Tim. i. 5.
96. To Mary Magdalene. John xx. 1. 17.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

Elijah. Esau, Gen. 25 : 29; Lydia, Acts 16 : 14, 15; Isaac, Gen. 24 : 63; Job, 1 : 1, 12; 2 : 7, 10; Aaron, Ex. 4 : 14; Hannah, 1 Sam. 1 : 9-18.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 8.—James Adam Donaldson, 12 ac; Thos. F. Neeland, 12; Duncan S. Matheson, 8; Wm. Reid, 6.

To No. 7.—Kate J. Macpherson, 12 ac; T. Sturrock, 12 ac; Alvin Misener, 12; Annie M. Patteson, 12; Sarah E. Patteson, 12; Albert E. Patteson, 12; Edward B. Craig, 11 ac; Maud Halliday, 11; Thomas Telfer, 11; Sarah Fowley, 11; Thurlow Fraser, 11; Herbert Davidson, 11; Andrew Hamilton, 11; Alma G. McCulloch, 11; Wm. Wight Batters, 11; Maude Armstrong, 10; Nellie McKay, 10; Archibald Smith, 10; Georgina Findlater, 8; Edwin Brooks, 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON VIII.

MAY 22.] [About 28 A. D.

PARABLES ON PRAYER.

Luke 18: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-14.

1. And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint:

2. Saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man:

3. And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of my adversary.

4. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard men:

5. Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.

6. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith.

7. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?

8. I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

9. And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others:

10. Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

13. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

14. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—LUKE 11: 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Lord hears the cry of the humble.

CONNECTION.—The preceding chapter from v. 22 to the end gives the discourses on the second coming of Christ. The Master warns them that at that time many would be given over to sinning as at the deluge.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The lesson contains two parables, the unjust judge, and the Pharisee and the publican. The first inculcates the lesson of importunity in prayer; the second of sincerity and the true spirit of prayer. "As the widow," says Dr. Arnot, "by her unremitting cry obtained her desire from the judge, God's own redeemed children will obtain from their Father in heaven all that they need, if they ask it eagerly, persistently, unwearyingly."

NOTES.—JUDGE, this office was at first executed by the head of the tribe or king. Moses performed the functions of the office, Exod. 18: 14, Solomon, 1 Kings 3: 16-28, etc. At Jethro's suggestion Moses appointed judges, Ex. 18: 14-24, which were subsequently multiplied, so that every city had its judges who adjudicated cases at its gates, Deut 16: 18. Fifteen rulers of Israel are known by the special term of Judges, and when the people asked Samuel for a king it was for one "to judge" them, 1 Sam. 8: 5, 20. Moral fitness was a prime requisite in a judge. They were to be "men of truth, hating covetousness," Ex. 18: 21, fearless of man, and "righteous" officers, Deut. 1: 16, 17.—SON OF MAN, a title of our Lord which he uses exclusively of himself in the Gospels. It is also referring to him in Dan. 7: 13, and three times in the New Testament, Acts 7: 56; Rev. 1: 13; 14: 14. The designation has allusion to our Lord's humiliation and poverty, Matt. 8: 20, as also to the perfect manhood embodied in himself, Mark 8: 38.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PERSISTENT PRAYER. (II.) THE FORMALIST'S PRAYER. (III.) THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

I. PERSISTENT PRAYER.—(1-8.) UNTO THEM, the disciples more particularly; TO THIS END, "the parable has its key hanging at the door."—Henry. Its design is indicated at the beginning: ALWAYS TO PRAY, unwearied supplication; NOT TO FAINT, the danger is from little faith which easily becomes discouraged; NEITHER REGARDED MAN, had no proper respect as an officer of the law for any person's rights; AVENGE ME, ETC., she wanted him to judge her difficulty and to punish the offender FIND FAITH, many become faint and do not persist in their faith like the widow, "in the last days" scoffers will say, "where is the promise of his coming," 2 Pet. 3: 4. Of such beware.

II. THE FORMALIST'S PRAYER.—(9-12.) DESPISED OTHERS, self-satisfied and proud; WENT UP, the temple was on an elevation; STOOD, implies a conspicuous position, probably "to be seen of men," Matt. 6: 5. Matthew Henry quaintly says, "The Pharisee came to the temple upon a compliment, the publican upon business; the Pharisee to make his appearance, the publican to make his request"; I THANK THEE, a boast. He made it his business to tell God how good he was; I AM NOT, ETC., he did not look at himself in the mirror of the Law and God's requirements.

III. THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.—(13, 14.) AFAR OFF, not at a distance from the Pharisee but from the sanctuary. The temple was holy, and by the remote position which he took he showed a sense of his own unworthiness; SMOTE, gesture of sorrow.

APPLICATIONS SUGGESTED BY THE LESSON:

(.) In whose name should we pray? John 16: 23. (2.) Is urgent prayer acceptable to God? Luke 11: 8. (3.) Have we any goodness to boast of? Rom. 3: 27; 7: 18. (4.) Which is of more value, the form or spirit of religion? Joel 2: 13. (5.) How does God show his great mercy to the sinner? Rom. 5: 8.

ILLUSTRATION.—Need of importunity. Easiness of desire is a great enemy to the success of a good man's prayers. It must be an intent, busy, operative prayer. For consider what a high indecency it is, that a man should speak to God for a thing that he values not! Our prayers upbraid our spirits when we beg tamely for those things for which we ought to die, which are more precious than imperial sceptres, richer than the spoils of the sea, or the treasures of Indian hills.—Jeremy Taylor.

Prompted by the Spirit,
Repeats God's promises,
Acknowledges His mercy and grace,
Yields not to doubt,
Entreats pardon, purity and peace,
Relying wholly on Jesus.

LESSON IX.

MAY 29.] [About 28 A.D.

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

Luke 19: 11-27.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 26, 28.

11. And as they heard these things, he added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear.

12. He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return.

13. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come.

14. But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us.

15. And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading.

16. Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds.

17. And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.

18. And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds.

19. And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities.

20. And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin:

21. For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow.

22. And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow:

23. Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?

24. And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds.

25. (And they said unto him, Lord, he hath ten pounds.)

26. For I say unto you, That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him.

27. But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—Rom. 14: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Every one of us must give an account to God.

TO THE SCHOLAR. The parable was designed to answer the expectations of the Jews, who were looking for a visible manifestation of his kingdom, with Jerusalem as the capital. The story of the nobleman going off to get his kingdom, and returning again in power, was a representation familiar to his hearers.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ENTRUSTED GIFTS. (II.) FAITHFUL TO THE TRUST. (III.) UNFAITHFUL TO THE TRUST.

I. ENTRUSTED GIFTS.—(11-14.) IMMEDIATELY APPEAR, it was expected that Christ would found a visible kingdom; FAR COUNTRY, his departure to the glory of the Father; TEN POUNDS, minæ, see Bible Helps; OCCUPY, do business therewith.

II. FAITHFUL TO THE TRUST.—(15-19.) RECEIVED THE KINGDOM, man's opposition cannot overthrow God's plan that Jesus should rule "king of kings and Lord of lords"; FAITHFUL, God does not demand success, but only that we should do according to our ability; THY POUND, our talents we only hold in trust; they are not our own, they are God's.

III. UNFAITHFUL TO THE TRUST.—(20-27.) KEPT LAID UP, many neglect their Christian privileges. His was a sin of omission but nevertheless a sin, James 4: 17; AUSTERE, hard; OUT OF THINE OWN MOUTH, by thine own statement, spoken ironically; USURY, interest; SLAY THEM, a strong expression for the severity of Christ's retributive justice. "Whosoever will not be ruled by the grace of Christ, will inevitably be ruined by the wrath of Christ."—Henry.

APPLICATIONS SUGGESTED BY THE LESSON:—(1.) Why was it necessary for Jesus to go away? John 14: 3; 16: 7. (2.) What should be our attitude towards his coming? Luke 12: 35, 36. (3.) How much are we expected to do with our talents? Mark 14: 8. (4.) What will be the reward of faithfulness? Rev. 2: 10. (5.) What will be the punishment of Christ's enemies? Phil. 3: 19.

THE INFLUENCE OF SUNLIGHT.

Sir David Brewster has justly called sunlight "the very life-blood of Nature." The ancients worshipped the sun as Apollo, and made him also god of the healing art. They had their sunny terraces on the tops of their dwellings, where they could bask and bathe in the healthful, life-giving sunshine. The pathological importance of this agent is admitted, theoretically, by all intelligent persons. There are, indeed, ignorant people who make their homes as dark as their minds, who love darkness rather than light, because the admission of light into either their brains or their dwellings would reveal much of rubbish and dirt. But people are getting more correct views, and begin to welcome light of all kinds as a gift of God, who is the Father of lights.

The dynamic value of sunshine is emphasized by the Italian proverb, "Where light is not permitted to go, the doctor will have to go." The stimulus of light is indispensable to the proper oxygenation of human blood, and so to vigor of health, as it is to the germinal life of the vegetable, or the development of animal spawn. The transformation of the tadpole, which Dr. Hammond accomplished in fifteen days in sunlight would not be completed in darkness in one hundred and twenty-five days. Various animals, from the rabbit to the cow, have developed tubercles, simply by depriving them of sunlight. Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, tells with what anxiety he and his ghastly company watched for its return to bring, as he said, its "blessed medicine" to those pale and wasted sufferers. Cretinism, atrophy of the limbs, and other diseases, are common where God's healing sunshine is shut out.

The imperial surgeon of the Russian service, Sir James Wilie, at St. Petersburg, says that there were three times as many cases of sickness on the shaded side of the military barracks as on the sunny side, though the air, food and discipline were the same. Florence Nightingale, Baron Dapuytres, and other eminent authorities, join their testimony to the influence of this potent agent in healing the sick, as well as in preserving the health of the well. Pure air and exercise are invaluable, but, as Dr. Willard said before our Legislature, "The triad is inseparable. The absence of sunlight will originate disease."—*Exchange.*

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